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See Page 10



JUNE 22, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS



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Perhaps you haven't got a good joke to tell. Or perhaps you've told your good joke to everybody you know. That's a sad state of affairs, isn't it?

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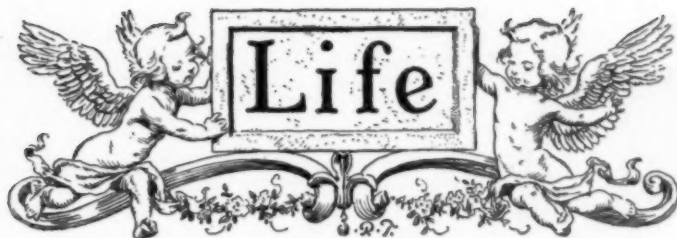
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One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

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numbers and seven more. Obey that impulse!



Woodland Song

THE hothouses' offerings, costly and rare,
 Cannot ape the forget-me-not's blue;
 Blooms forced to perfection can't hope to compare
 With the lowly anemone's hue.
 The humble wild rose, unassuming and meek,
 Must have stolen the setting sun's glow;
 The blushes which play o'er its delicate cheek
 Are of tints that no palette may know.

*No matter how lovely these flowers may be,
 Gardenias and orchids look better to me.*

The purple-eyed violet, fragrantly cool,
 Spends its beauty extravagantly.
 The waxen-white lily that sleeps on the pool
 Gives its loveliness lavishly free.
 Their glorious petals the poppies unfold
 For whoever may happen to pass,
 And Nature, made mad by the buttercups' gold,
 Flings it wantonly over the grass.

*But my favorite blossoms, I'm here to aver,
 Are American Beauties at five dollars per.*

D. P.



*She (admiring the view): I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life. It's simply wonderful.
 "No accounting for tastes. Mine isn't half cooked."*



Trying It on the Dog

Good Clean Sport

You Have to Be Systematic to Get Anywhere

THIS is the time of year when Murgatroyd and I feel that something definite must be done about this thing of getting more exercise. Murgatroyd gives a pretty convincing demonstration of where he has to fasten his belt now, as opposed to the hole that the buckle used to meet without a struggle, and I get out the blue and lavender tulle dress I had that time I was a bridesmaid, and give an illustrated talk on the changes that a sedentary life has wrought in me.

Naturally, this leaves us in quite a nasty state of depression. Murgatroyd hits on the notion that we are not growing any younger, and I wonder audibly if, after all, we are getting the most out of life. From there, it is but a step to the annual decision to play more tennis. We remind each other, with increasing cheerfulness, that we will thus combine exercise with wholesome fun, besides training mind and eye, and keeping ourselves out in the great open spaces where men are men. We take a rather mean oath not to go at it in the spasmodic way we did last year, but to play daily—Murgatroyd says that is the only way we will ever get anywhere, and it gets no argument out of me.

* * *

In fact, carried away with the idea, I suggest that we give up business, friends, and eating, and do nothing but play tennis. But Murgatroyd, who is my severest critic, says no, we might as well be sensible about the thing—we will just play every afternoon from three till half-past seven. Then I grow coy, and insist that Murgatroyd would get more fun out of playing with someone who is better at the game than I am, and with annual nobility he says no, he wouldn't at all. The discussion ends in a friendly argument as to whether we ought to enter more national tournaments.

Things begin to slow up a bit when we start getting out the racquets. They are in some trunk, this much is known, but nobody seems to be in a position to recall which one it is. The systematic thing, obviously, is

to go through all the trunks, and I don't know of anything that runs into more time than going through trunks. You keep coming on things you had forgotten all about, and there is always the element of excitement in the chance that you may come upon a torso someone has left there. I usually get reading those letters Murgatroyd wrote me that Summer he was abroad, and Murgatroyd browses in an album of snapshots taken at the boys' camp he used to attend.

* * *

Then the question of clothes comes up. It develops that the dog has been pretending that one of Murgatroyd's tennis shoes is a rat, and has worried it to a horrible death. I find that the henna sweater is absolutely unwearable, and the green one is a total loss, and the blue one was always a mess, anyway. The really practical thing to do is to get entirely new outfits, and then we won't be worrying about the way we look, and taking our minds off the game. As Murgatroyd says, we might as well be sensible about the thing.

Then we are practically all set. The day comes when we are to make the big start. Street-cars are run-

ning, people are going down to work, shops are open—really, unless you were on the inside, you would never know that at three o'clock Murgatroyd and I are officially to open the tennis season.

And at two-fifty-five, Murgatroyd telephones to say that he is all unhinged about it, but Eddie Ulch has come down from Hartford, and he doesn't see how he is going to get away without sending the nation's business right to smash. It is really just as well for me, because Mrs. Bleason has come in from Kew Gardens, and I don't know when I would have a chance to see her again, what with her having to go to the hospital and all.

The next day, the rainy spell starts. For three weeks, it either rains every afternoon, or else it looks threatening. And if there is one thing that I cannot stand, it is to have anything look threatening at my tennis.

* * *

It is during this period that the living-room begins to look pretty tacky, with the tennis racquets standing about, and so they are put in the closet, until the next clear day. And
(Continued on page 32)



"This heat is terrible. Why don't we get Johnnie to give us one of those osculating fans?"



The Black Sheep

Pollyanna Gets the Air

SO many others had gone before—
 Didn't I know that I'd not be last?
 So many names on his heart he wore—
 Didn't I know it would soon be past?
 Ever I saw, as my day ran by,
 From the beginning, the end thereof;
 Gladly and eagerly, though, did I
 Give him my love.

Gaily we sped through our golden day—
 Could there be grief, when he broke his vow?
 Gaily I'd given my heart away—
 Could there be bitterness in it now?
 Fragrant and fresh are my memories;
 Sorrow and yearning they rise above.
 Tell him I never am sad—and please
 Give him my love.

The Podunker Abroad

A Rolling Prune Gathers No Knowledge

YESTERDAY we had a good breakfast at the hotel and then we motored to Vitznau and took the funicular railway to the top of the Rigi. We had lunch at a table looking over the lake. I am sending you the menu. I have marked the bisque d'écrevisses and the coquille de homard à l'américaine and the perdreaux truffés, which were very good though a little hearty. I tried for 15 minutes to make the waiter serve my coffee with the dinner but it didn't seem to be any use. I'd just as leave not have any dinner at all as not have my coffee with the dinner and I should think a really progressive hotel would arrange for people who like to have their coffee with their dinner.

The view from the top of the Rigi is really excellent. There is something about it—I don't know what—that makes me think of the view from the roof-garden of the Yates House . . .

—MOTHER.

* * *

. . . Went up the Rigi yesterday. Fine view. You go up a rack-and-pinion railway from Vitznau; the grade is 1 to 4 and they make about 5 miles per. It's a well-built road, but they say they're losing money this year. I got to thinking it would be a good idea to have little nickel-in-the-slot phonographs by each seat with a de-

scription of the scenery and perhaps some yodelling on the end. They could run in some advertising, not offensive at all but sort of chatty, like, "Pretty cold, isn't it? Better get a good warm overcoat at Amrain's to-morrow." It ought to go big.

They don't understand publicity in this country. There was a lot of people at the Rigi looking over the scenery and some of them probably big manufacturers. Why couldn't the Chamber of Commerce at Lucerne run up a balloon with a big sign on it—"This is Lucerne, pop. 37,000. Put Your Factory Here."

It's a fine view all right. There's nothing like it in Oklahoma . . .

—FATHER.

* * *

. . . Took the gang over to Vitznau in the bus yesterday. She's got a knock I don't like, and I've been trying to get a chance to take her to pieces. So when the old folks went up the Rigi mountain I stayed in the garage and gave her a good overhauling. Found the timer was in bad shape and fixed her with an ordinary lock-washer.

This is a nice country, with good scenery, but it's an awful place for spare parts. The roads are too steep and you have to take the hills in first. Switzerland would be all right if it weren't for the grades . . . —SISTER.



In These Piping Times of Prohibition

The Snake: No use biting one of those fellows. They've always got their medicine with them

Life



Lines

LLOYD GEORGE can now qualify as the Slick Man of Europe.

It is rumored that Henry Ford will soon be able to turn out almost enough cars to supply the market for Ford accessories.

What this country needs is fewer people who know what this country needs.

Suggestion for location of most movie comedies: The Scilly Islands.

Lady Astor says Americans are the Good Samaritans of the world. She means the Uncle Samaritans.

The hot dog days are here.

At a Toledo séance Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had his arm stroked by a spirit. It must have been an agreeable change from having his leg pulled.

Dandelions are found to produce alcohol, so watch out for an Anti-Spinach League.

Charges of Senate absenteeism indicate there's nobody home in the Upper House.

Congressmen, as the ides of re-election approach, realize that the one big mistake of our government was in permitting tax-payers to vote.

The difference in time between London and New York is eighteen months if you use our jazz music to compute it.

We used to think we should like to be the fellow who selected Mack Sennett's Bathing Girls. We've decided, however, that the softest job in the world is Secretary of the League of Nations.

It is rumored that the man who invented the Eskimo pie has made a cool million from the idea.

An actress is reported as having left several thousand dollars' worth of gowns in a taxicab. She was so nearly prostrated by the loss that she raised her press agent's salary.

It is a well-known fact that woman's appreciation of a novel is greatly diminished by her tendency to jump at the conclusion.

The chap who wrote, "It's easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song," never had a neighbor who studied vocal culture.

The Henry Ford for President Club has been started at Dearborn. The Dearborn *Independent* denies emphatically that Rabbi Stephen Wise is to be the candidate for Vice-President.

If we ever have Ford for President, it will be the second time a rough rider has held down the job.

Fortunately, the Lucy Stone Leaguer's prejudice against taking her husband's name does not extend to that of her mother's husband.

A distinction with a difference: Many of our government employees who were idle during war times, are now out of work.

England complains that it doesn't understand what our poet, Carl Sandburg, means. All the time we are drawing closer to the parent country.

Oh, well, if we found out about the Hereafter we wouldn't be satisfied. We'd at once start probing the Thereafter.

A woman's good-by: Much adieu about nothing.



Her Mirror Reflects

AWAY she goes, my only Muse,
In lawns, or silks, or sables,
And leaves me here to lonely views
Of walls and chairs and tables!

So here I'll wait a barren while
And long, in pale dejection,
To flash again the happy smile
That greets her dear reflection.

A. G.

If Prohibition were abolished, think of the number who would be thrown out of employment!



"So her heart was broken?"

"Yes; in two places. Southampton and Newport."

The Everlasting Beasts



It is with mixed emotions that we learn from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that animals do not necessarily die, that dogs, cats, cows and horses may be found in that other world which used to be called Heaven and Hell, but which is now alluded to as the higher and lower plane. In one or other of these planes Sir Arthur must have spent a good deal of his time during the last few years when he was erroneously thought to be a resident of earth. His information concerning them is not of that casual kind which is gleaned from hearsay and car windows. It is not in the least like the information which visiting Englishmen print in books after they have spent three months in the United States. It is minute, diversified, exhaustive, the fruit of close and familiar observation. It is the "oldest inhabitant" speaking with authority to the stranger at the gates.

Therefore we cannot doubt that Sir Arthur has seen the children who grow up, and the old men and women who grow young, and the celestial divorce courts whence incompatible husbands and wives are dispatched to more sympathetic circles, and the dogs and cats and cows that waves of love have wafted into the Beyond. This last is a disturbing thought. I know that my earthly neighbor loves her little Pomeranian which yaps for hours in her back-yard, as well as I love my roving cat which spends his nights in jousts and tournaments on my back fence. But I do not love her dog, and she does not love my cat, and neither of us is enamoured of cows, whether in fields of daisies or of asphodel.

It may be that the spirit Pomeranian does not yap, and that the spirit Maltese does not yowl; but what sort of Heaven would this mean for either of them? It may be that spirit cows are vestals, or that spirit bulls are non-combatants; but on this point we lack reassurance. Sir Arthur has told us so much that it is up to him to tell us a few things more. We are uneasy about the "requiescat in pace," which is the one boon which outworn creeds promise to tired souls.

Agnes Repplier.

A Post-World-Sunset

THE *World* is too much with us: late and soon
Somebody's always quoting Heywood Brown:
Little we say of humor that is ours,
Culling from Bowling Greens and Conning Towers;
This Dial, that bears the story of Fitzurse,—
The fellow has become a household curse!
Our sharpest quips are those we get by rote,
We talk along and never once unquote;
It gains us naught. Ye gods! I would be shunned,
Un-Worldly, badly-Posted, and un-Sunned
So might I, though the effort be forlorn,
Try something that had not been read that morn;
Surely I might say one thing with a sting
That had its birth outside the charmed ring.

J. J. F.

"WHAT do you think of the movement to reform the movies?"

"Oh, I don't think we should become overly alarmed. They are never as wicked as the advertisements promise."



The Kindly Employer (to youthful employee who has but yesterday reported a near relative at death's door): How's your grandmother, Johnny?

Office Boy (gloomily, staring from the office window at rain-washed pavements): Aw, she's comin' along all right, Mr. Blivvens!

What Are the Wild Waves Saying?

FIRST WAVE: Say! I've been hanging around the beach for an hour waiting for those girls to come in swimming and let me splash them. I tell you, it takes the sand out of a fellow waiting and waiting like this.

SEVENTH WAVE (*superciliously*): Huh! You must be a newcomer here. Look out or some mean undertow will come along and kidnap you. Don't you know that they never go in above their knees?

FIRST WAVE: Well, what do they wear bathing suits for then?

SEVENTH WAVE: Law makes 'em. They wear as little as they can now.

SECOND WAVE (*heaving excitedly*): Here comes a couple! They must be able to swim.

THIRD WAVE (*bobbing nervously in his hurry to show his knowledge*): One of them is a swimmer—the man.

SECOND WAVE (*suspiciously*): How can you tell? You haven't seen 'em try yet.

THIRD WAVE: I can tell from her face. She has that far-away look when she glances at him that gives the whole show away. He's going to *teach* her. I've seen that kind before. Wait a minute and you'll see.

(*The two swimmers wade under discussion wade out a little farther and the "swimming" lesson begins.*)

SEVENTH WAVE: Make it choppy, fellows, and keep close to me. I'm going to show you some fun.

(*Seventh wave breaks over the couple. The girl swims rapidly and skillfully out of danger. Her escort doesn't notice her departure until after he has coughed a quart of water out of his system.*)

SECOND WAVE: There! I knew she could swim!

(*The escort wades rapidly over to the side of the girl, murmuring as he does so, "Did my little tweetums nearly get drowned by the big nasty wave?"*)

SEVENTH WAVE (*disgustedly*): Isn't that enough to make any wave wild? I can't stay here listening to any more talk like that. I'll be rippling along.

(*The escort continues to calm the girl with "Was my poor little honeykins scared?"*)

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH WAVES: Oh slush, slosh, slush, slosh!

T. H. L.

Rondeau

It isn't fair, to me, when you're away.
In vain the clouds their brightest hues display,
Sweet Summer dons in vain her gladdest guise,—
The vision falls but coldly on my eyes;
The sky seems draped in melancholy gray.

Though never bloomed the roses half so gay,
Though never half so radiant shone the day,
This loveliness my stubborn heart denies;
It isn't fair.

And do you, also, sing a minor lay?
Do you to bitter yearnings fall a prey?
"Well, no," frank Echo honestly replies,
"In fact, it is distinctly otherwise."
And that, my dear, is why again I say
It isn't fair.

D. P.



Prospector: I wish someone'd drop in on me
an' have grub.

LIFE'S Title Contest

FOR the best title to the picture on the cover of this issue, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize\$500.00
Second Prize\$200.00
Third Prize\$100.00

The Contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS:

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the cover illustration.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, August 1st, 1922.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning an-

swers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff will not compete.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 508 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Grace o' Love

THE things that love has touched, though passing by,
 Hold quiet beauty through the hurrying years;
 As if a word, a finger's pressure shy
 Some blessing gave that time itself reverts.

When greater things obey time's darkening will,
 The gold, the glory, won by toil and art,
 What love has touched remains, grown dearer still—
 The little things that lie so near the heart!

A. W. P.



"It's all right, Mother, I was just showing her what I saw in the movies, only she has no sense of humor."



"Oh! Fr heaven's sake, Clara!"
 "What is it, Evelyn?"
 "My diamon' wris' watch has fell off."

A Summer Resort Pastel

COPPER-COLORED life-guards and grenadine cocktails, warped tennis racquets and the six-thirty-eight train Monday morning, lispings flappers and continual losses at bridge. Rainy beach parties and broken-down motor cars, country club locker rooms and broiled lobster with butter sauce, middle-aged women who are always looking for a beau. Moonlight sails that lead to matrimony. Moonlight sails that lead to divorce.

Golf professionals and grape fruit, cloudless skies and cigarettes, egg sandwiches and wet bathing suits. A green hammock and a blonde.

White stucco palaces and Belgian police dogs, rubber-soled shoes and musical organizers, fox-trotting youths and poison ivy. Thermos-bottled highballs and sand fleas, fly swatters and coon orchestras imported from West Fifty-third street.

Those mornings you plan to rise with the sun, that never materialize.

Openwork bungalows, ice-cream sodas, mildewed shoes, over-ripe cantaloupes, local bootleggers, white-washed verandas, sunburnt noses, tan-colored polo coats, . . . three o'clock in the afternoon.

The Farmerette

IN the papers every day
 You can read what wise men say;
 How they rip and rant and curse,
 That the world is getting worse;
 But you never read a line
 Showing such a fate as mine.

CHORUS—

*For I'm a lonely bachelor on the land;
 I work from morn till night with
 either hand.*

*If I could only get
 A little farmerette,
 Then I'd begin to farm to beat the
 band!*

I would take her from the strife
 Of a toilsome city life,
 And I'd dress her up in silk,
 If she'd only learn to milk.
 She could have the whole outdoors,
 If she'd only do the chores.

(CHORUS)

She would soon be strong and free
 And as happy as could be.
 I would let her hoe the beans,
 If she'd only patch my jeans,
 And I'd sign her up for life,
 If she'd only be my wife.

CHORUS—

*For I'm a lonely bachelor on the
 land;
 I work from morn till night with
 either hand.*

*If I could only get
 A little farmerette
 Then I'd begin to farm to beat the
 band!*

McK. McA.



Whispers to Wives

When Hunters Change to Husbands

THE first bit of advice given to the young married woman is, "Don't expect too much and be philosophical about not expecting it." When the ardent adventurer, the bold buccaneer, the cool charmer, the dogged dominator turn, as turn they will, into the mere husband, no girl who respects her sex will allow chagrin to show itself. She must realize that this Indian war-bonnet of fine, upstanding qualities is laid aside when the hunting season is over. (If it is resumed, it will probably be for other quarries, which is natural, though extremely annoying.) Well then, the time of lovers being brief, what's to be done about the long, long years of domesticity?

With some, of course, they are not long, nor very domestic. Ladies and gentlemen meet, balance at the corners, and retire each with the other's partner. But they cannot do this forever, even in a long-suffering world. There comes the day when they are tired of changing, and then domesticity is all ready to settle down upon them like a dull relation! And it is a dull relation. The simple fact of having the right to use the same front-door key to get through the same front-door is dull after a while. Rights are dull as soon as one grows accustomed to them. But then, alas, so are wrongs!

Here are three suggestions for meeting such difficulties. None of them new. Regarding romance as having virtually ended when a man and woman set up house-keeping together: either they may become comrades on equal amounts of affection, or the woman may stop loving her husband and begin to make him comfortable,—a condition most husbands find eminently satisfactory,—or she may stop loving him and begin to make him uncomfortable,—which most wives find not without piquancy. But of none of these methods can one expect too much! Until there are as many kinds of husbands as there seem to be of men, nothing radical can be done about it. In the meantime be philosophical.

C. D.

Dialect Story

(Faithfully transcribed)

"B'GORRA, it seems there wance wur an Oirishman named Pat. Wan day he bane walk in the shstreet and he seen it his fri'nd O'Grady with a gurrl. 'Nu,' says Pat next day to O'Grady, 'Dot's a huebsch mädcl ah done see you a-walkin' with yestiddy. Who vos it dot loidy?' 'Sapristi,' answered O'Grady, with a rich brogue. 'Sho' 'nuf, dad li'l gal ain't no lady. She bane my wife.'"

The Way of It

JIM was a rough and boisterous lad,
The sort that other mothers frown on:

Tousled and tough, not really bad,
The kind that little girls look down on.

He was expelled three times from school,

He never could get into college.
But all the same he was no fool,
He'd several kinds of useful knowledge.

Rob, on the other hand, was nice;
He'd been so since he learned to toddle.

They never had to tell him twice,
To other boys he was a model.

So much for them. Now let us glance

On Nell and Bess, two little lasses
Who played together, and by chance
Attended both the self-same classes.

Nell was a quiet little thing.

Who was beloved by all her teachers,

A little bit inclined to cling,—
One of the sweetest little creatures.

Bess from the start was full of pep,
And dashed from one scrape to another.

She never seemed to watch her step,
And very much perplexed her mother.

She was the ultra-modern sort.

She smoked and drank and jazzed divinely.

Kissing to her was simple sport,
She drew a line—but not too finely.

* * *

Bess married Rob, and for a whim
Divorced him just because he bored her.

Then turned around and married Jim,
And keeps him in some sort of order.

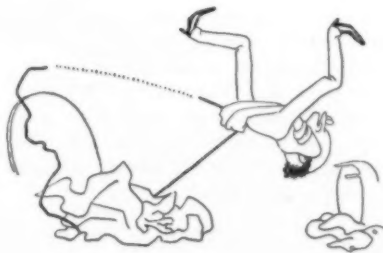
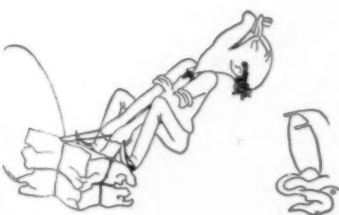
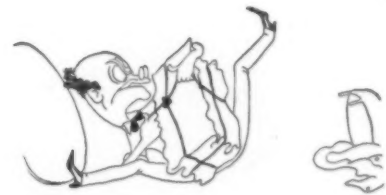
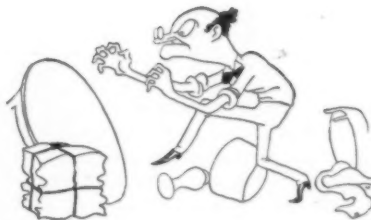
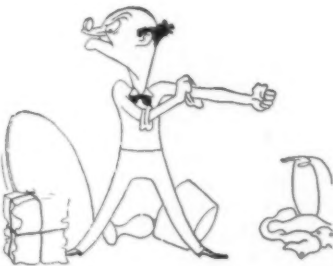
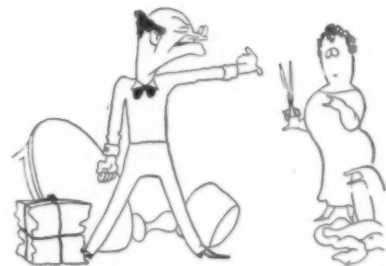
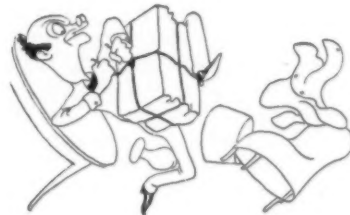
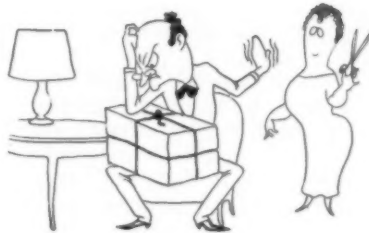
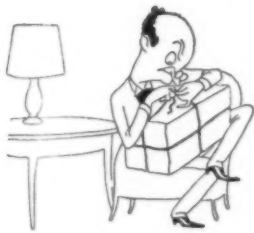
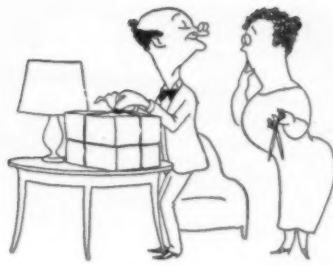
While Nell, who'd make a perfect wife,

Remains a spinster, gray but jaunty.

She leads a very useful life:

All Bess's children call her
"Auntie." G. K. D.

CLAYTON WILLIAMS



The Passion for Untying Knots



JUNE 22, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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598 Madison Avenue, New York



HARVARD College, like most of the other colleges, is embarrassed

because more prospective students want to come to it than it can provide for. It was proposed that one of its governing bodies should discuss what to do, and in with the proposal there got mixed the suggestion that if applicants for education had to be rejected, the opportunity might be used to restrain the incursion of Jews which, though flattering to the institution, threatened to assume proportions that might be embarrassing. This suggestion, which never took tangible form, made excellent newspaper copy and has been thoroughly distributed to the public, including all the politicians, and the Governor and legislators of Massachusetts.

If Harvard is getting too many students, the simplest way to correct that trouble would seem to be to stop advertising. She has been running a powerful advertising organization for years. It has been called The Associated Harvard Clubs. It has agencies in all the more considerable cities in the country. Its purpose has been to make the most possible noise about Harvard College in all places and at all times and to see that no boy, who could be induced to go to Harvard College, was allowed to go anywhere else. This organization has been very efficient and has increased the natural current towards Harvard College to such an extent that the institution at Cambridge is flooded, its Freshman dormitories are threatened with waiting lists, and there comes along this very hazardous suggestion of abridging the welcome to the Chosen People.

What Harvard is suffering from seems to be a lack of neglect. Can't she contrive some salutary neglect? Can't she induce her advertisers to stop tooting? Can't she unorganize some of her recruiting organizations? Every student that goes to Harvard College costs her twice as much as he pays, so plainly it is bad business to have too many.

All the overcrowded colleges seem to be suffering from a lack of neglect. What can be done about it? It seems necessary in these days to organize everything. Can neglect be organized? Can the Associated Harvard Clubs, for example, turn their efforts for a while to a little timely depreciation of their Alma Mater? If the recent Harvard graduates could add to the involuntary evidence they give of Harvard's defects as an institution for education, testimony that would attract the notice of the papers to what they did not learn and what they might have been if they had stayed away, it might help a little. The thing that is most generally taught in colleges nowadays seems to be salesmanship. The enthusiastic young men sell their college, and in the case of Harvard at least they seem to have sold more than the corporation can deliver.

It seems a bad case and the treatment lately pursued is making it worse. Possibly some alleviation may come out of this impression lately launched that Harvard is illiberal in her treatment of students deriving from roots in Africa and Asia, but it seems hard to hurt the reputation of that old college enough to do her any good.

UNITARIANISM was mildly helpful in keeping students away from Harvard for one or two generations in the last century, but at that time there was no particular

need of diminishing attendance. Harvard could handle all the students she got and could take care of her increase. But nowadays the old propensity towards Unitarianism does her no good. She is religious enough for the religious and irreligious enough for the irreligious. She accepts all kinds without tests.

She might stir up some useful scandal by following what seems to be the example of the Sorbonne and taking a hand in the investigations of current spiritism. To be sure Harvard professors, notably William James, have been eminent explorers of this dubious region, but no American university, as far as one can recall, has been as much identified with the investigation of spiritist phenomena as the papers just now report the Sorbonne to be in following the remarkable exploits of Mme. Bisson and her medium. Spiritism is about the scariest thing about and as likely as anything to injure the reputation of a great university. If the Harvard scientists should take up with it energetically and secure due publicity for what they might discover or conclude, they might win the University a bad enough name to scare off an appreciable number of students so that they will have room to live in and time to think. Besides that they might contribute services of value in the cultivation of one of the most interesting, and possibly most important, fields of knowledge now being explored.

After all, there may be some good in having too many students flocking to a University. It gives it a chance to take some chances. It need not be timid or reactionary for fear of losing customers. It is like having too much money. It gives one a surplus to bet with, a chance to win a big stake now and then, and a margin to lose or give away.

E. S. M.



"Want to buy a thoroughbred, Ma'am?"







Summer Reading

THERE is such a thing as being too convincing an actor. Mr. Allan Pollock in his success of last season, "A Bill of Divorcement," played the rôle of a war veteran who had been driven insane by shell-shock. The play was bitterly tragic, and Mr. Pollock played *Hilary Fairfield* with such poignant effect and sympathetic understanding that it was one of the outstanding performances of the year. In fact, it was so good that it gained Mr. Pollock the reputation of being, in real life, in a precarious mental state.

"You know, he himself was in the war," people said significantly, "was badly wounded and shell-shocked and in the hospital for— (here the accounts varied from six months to three years), and they do say that he has never quite recovered. I understand that that queer manner which he has in the play is the way he is naturally."

This was all very well for the play, but it rendered Mr. Pollock a bit uneasy outside of business hours.



In order to remove this impression, and, incidentally, because he is at home as a comedian, Mr. Pollock has chosen for his new venture a broad comedy entitled "A Pinch Hitter." In this, his manner should be most reassuring to those of his public who had feared the worst. His comedy methods are easy and sure, and he succeeds in instilling into a fairly impossible rôle a degree of truth which is remarkable when one considers that he is supposed to be none other than our old friend the professional co-respondent in a faked-up divorce case.

Whether he means to or not, however, Mr. Pollock gives the character a touch of that same appealing softness which made the troubles of *Hilary Fairfield* in "A Bill of Divorcement" so difficult for the audience to bear without audible sobbing.



As for the comedy itself, it is one of those pleasantly unimportant things which happen during any season, giving entertainment to many and offense to none. In some of its big scenes it has the air of those plays which the Walter Baker Co. used to furnish in light brown covers for neighborhood production. An assignation for twelve o'clock midnight in the library is turned into a riotous curtain by the wrong lady's coming down in the dark and being discovered, as the lights are switched on, by the entire cast, who suddenly appear in various door-

ways and on the stairs in negligée. General consternation, followed by shrieks of laughter when the Member of Parliament appears without his toupee.

Mr. Waldron plays the Member of Parliament, perhaps deliberately, with the drooping black mustaches and bleating drawl of the stage Englishman who had such fast hold on the American imagination following the success of *Lord Dundreary* in this country. As a tribute to the progress of international amity and modern stage-craft, the long side-whiskers have been omitted.

Pamela Gaythorne is excellent as the wife, and J. M. Kerrigan again makes a small part one of the most vivid in the play. We would suggest that one of the conditions in next year's Pulitzer prize award be that the winning play must have a good long part for Mr. Kerrigan.



THE Players Club's presentation of "The Rivals," having been for only one week, can not properly be included in the dope-sheet of this department. It was a notable performance and one in which so many stars had a share that to mention any in particular would be both unfair and unpopular, and to mention all would consume too much of the excessively valuable space on this page.

Something must be said, however, for the settings designed by Norman Bel Geddes. But it is difficult to find what to say as they were unique in their simplicity and startling beauty, and call for unique descriptive phrases, of which this department has run short for the summer. At any rate, they made one wonder why there weren't extras out on the streets following the performance announcing that the perfect stage-settings for all occasions had been discovered.



And at "The Rivals" a new type, or probably a revival of an old type, of audience pest was uncovered. We refer to the ladies who were so anxious that their escorts should know that they recognized *Mrs. Malaprop's* mistakes that they repeated each one after her with appropriate giggles. In the first place, it is our private opinion that most of *Mrs. Malaprop's* mistakes have become, in the course of time and imitation, excessively unfunny and elephantine.

And, in the second place, it is too hot for people to go to the theatre, anyway.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Crime melodrama weathering its second summer very nicely.

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Spook play making the spine ten degrees cooler than in the street.

The Charlatan. *Times Square.*—Murder mystery in a magician's cabinet.

Fanny Hawthorn. *Vanderbilt.*—An honest and straightforward play dealing with the double moral standard.

The Hairy Ape. *Plymouth.*—Eugene O'Neill's tragic comedy of a man's descent from stoke-hole to zoo.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic.*—Not much of a contribution to the drama but interesting and better done than it deserves.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Fulton.*—Among the season's worst.

Bronx Express. *Astor.*—Has been altered since we saw it and it needed it.

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—Wallace Edinger and Mary Nash in delightful romantic burlesque.

The Dover Road. *Bijou.*—Very nice English comedy, with Charles Cherry in the lead.

The First Year. *Little.*—Frank Craven and his masterpiece still holding the lead.

The Goldfish. *Marine Elliott's.*—A sometimes amusing mixture of all kinds of comedy, with Marjorie Rambeau and Wilton Lackaye.

Kempey. *Belmont.*—A very nice little home comedy which is once in a while much more than that.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric in a startlingly real characterization of a Parisian *cocotte*.

Partners Again. *Selwyn.*—Potash and Perlmutter back again in a new model.

A Pinch Hitter. *Henry Miller's.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Rubicon. *Hudson.*—French post-card drama.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a hilarious suburban tragedy.

Up the Ladder. *Playhouse.*—Sanitary.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Showing that a show with real music in it can succeed on Broadway.

The Blushing Bride. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Showing that almost anything can stay on Broadway.

Chauve-Souris. *Century Roof.*—A new bill, to be reviewed later.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe.*—Still just about as good as there is.

Make It Snappy. *Winter Garden.*—Eddie Cantor better than usual.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Hasn't been touched yet.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's.*—Ed Wynn a host in himself.

Red Pepper. *Shubert.*—McIntyre and Heath in old stuff.

The Rose of Stamboul. *Century.*—Elaborate spectacle, with good singing by Tessa Kosta and tripping by James Barton.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Negro singers and dancers in perpetual motion.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam.*—To be reviewed next week.



At the Women's Club

"That was an awfully good speech Mrs. Blakeley made."

"Still, my dear, a woman who so obviously makes her own hats could never convince me of anything."



GENTLE JULIA, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Page). A companion for "Penrod" and "Seventeen." But the age which is most successfully exploited is not the gentle Julia's Twenty, as the publishers would have us believe. It is Thirteen—the age of Julia's niece, the Remorseless Florence, and of her dangleing nephew, Herbert. Beside these two, the beautiful Julia and her, at times, too funny suitors are as nothing. Florence and Herbert and "that nasty little Henry Rooter," Kitty Silver and Julia's tortured father, are all in the best Tarkington tradition, and all use the best Tarkington dialogue. But there is no story really. Sitting stuffily and unhappily in the background is the Older Generation, while its *enfants terribles* prepare matters for it to think about in the foreground—an arrangement the author and his readers never tire of. The result is a series of scenes which make you laugh out loud—that is, if you laughed out loud at "Penrod" and at "Seventeen."

THE SO-CALLED HUMAN RACE, by Bert Leston Taylor. Arranged, with an introduction by Henry B. Fuller (Knopf). For the thousands who start their day with a colyum, being a generous collection of characteristic paragraphs and verses from the greatest colyumist of all. To say that they are witty and humorous, wise and pointed, would be to supererogate in a manner their author was the quickest to condemn. Lovers of "B. L. T."—and they stretch solidly across the continent—need no assurance of their quality; although it may be pertinent to advise them that the editor of the book has done his job with a thoroughness and sympathy that should satisfy the most exacting. They are all here: The Academy of Immortals, the Enraptured Reporter, the perfect captions above the notices from country newspapers and from contris, the Songs In the Manner of Laura Blackburn. And although quotation from a book of paragraphs is rash—since so much depends upon its cumulative effect—we risk the following for the uninitiated:

"Sir: Could you find an inconspicuous job around the Academy for a bashful man like Mr. Jess Mee, whom we had the pleasure of encountering in Toulon, Ill?"

And over this discovery B. L. T. placed the heading, "He Might Trim the Violets."

Rhymed Reviews

Intrusion

By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Thomas Seltzer

CONSIDER Miss Roberta Leigh,
The lovely, devastating
"Bobbie."

A sly, cold-blooded vamp was she,
Collecting useful men her hobby.

No heart, no brain, a perfect skin
And looks she had in great profusion,

Besides a knack of butting in.
Which Mrs. Seymour terms, "Intrusion."

She captured every male she met;
Her predatory scheme of living
Was taking all that she could get,—
But always taking, never giving.

The Suffields dwelt in peace, recluse
Beside the Thames's quiet waters,
Till Bobbie came and played the deuce

Among the Suffield sons and daughters.

She toyed with Jan; she worked a trick

And married Allan, weak resister;
Then lured away inconstant Dick,
Betrothed to Caryl, Allan's sister.

But when the cup of wrath was filled
Through deeds beyond the pale of Mercy,

A useful motor kindly killed
This unimaginable Circe.

For such as she I hold no brief:
Against her fate I'm not complaining;

But, while I'm glad they've found relief,

Those Suffields badly needed training.

A. G.

THE SOUL OF A CHILD, by Edwin Bjorkman (Knopf). Another story of adolescence, told with convincing Continental objectivity. A large achievement, in its way, which, as the jacket says, "could not have been published in an age of less liberal tendency than ours." The chief figure is a keen and sensitive boy, the son of lower middle class Stockholmers. His progress from five to

fifteen is a kind of Odyssey, upon which his soul is wrung and healed and wrung again. He has only one friend to put wax in his ears, and, naturally, that isn't enough.

It is more important, we venture, for educators to read this book than for them to read "The Pilgrim's Progress." And with educators may be lumped parents. Read it as a significant study of a boy's development, and don't be bothered by its shortcomings as a novel.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS: 1900 - 1920

by Carl Van Doren (Macmillan). An excellent hand book for Ladies' clubs—and others—wherein may be found careful and reasoned judgments upon our novelists from Hamlin Garland to Scott Fitzgerald. Professor Van Doren is one of those critics who give the lie to the oft-repeated remark among our London cousins that criticism in America is insignificant. He writes out of enormous reading, directly and vigorously, with detachment and sympathy. He is brilliant without being smart, comprehensive without being sententious. Conservative souls who may be frightened by his association with the *Nation*, will not be offended. Here he is first and last the critic, "auguring triumph and balancing fate," too jealous of his craft to jeopardize it by partisan shrillness.

THE YALE RECORD BOOK OF VERSE: 1872-1922. Chosen and Edited by Francis W. Bronson, Thomas Caldecot Chubb, Cyril Hume. With a Foreword by William Lyon Phelps (Yale University Press). The contents of this slim handsome volume of undergraduate verse fall under a few general heads: Harvard and Princeton verses, girl verses, liquor verses, and the other verses. Numbers of them appear quite flat and nearly all are graceful and airy, and the parodies are the best. And probably if one wanted to be very learned about such volumes of verse and went to others, one would find the same thing true: that the parodies were the best. Whereupon, if emboldened to attempt a little essay on the subject as a result of all this scholarship, one sat heavily down upon them and announced that young men when they turn to light verse excel at parody, why, there would be nothing at all left of the verses. For they are as light as a cheese soufflé, bless 'em, and are not designed for heavy sitters.

W. L.

The Family Likeness

A Play in Five Acts

*As produced for the first time
in Sacramento, California*



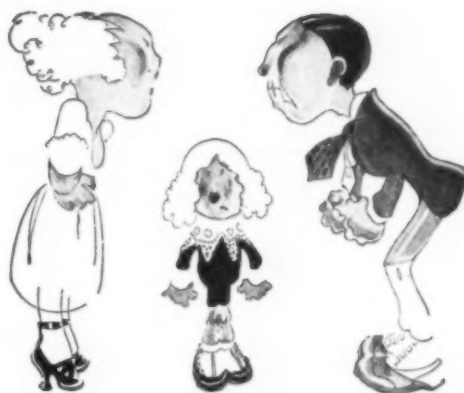
Act I

NARCISSUS and young Fortesque,
Faithful lovers, fond and true,
Fortesque and fair Narcissus,
Swore to live on cheese and kisses.



Act II

THEN born to them was Hercules,
First-begotten, if you please;
"My dear, our darling looks like you,"
Said both Narcis and Fortesque.



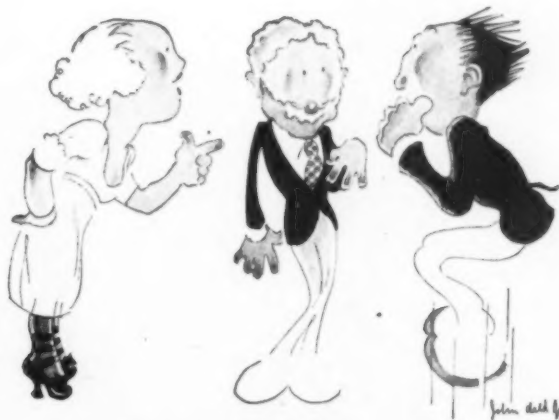
Act III

LONG time they argued, pro and con,
The only point they quarreled on—
Their child, a blighting nemesis
To Fortesque and fair Narcis.



Act IV

UPON this rock they must have split,
So frequently they ran on it,
Until young Herk one day appeared,
The proud possessor of a beard.



Act V

At this his mater cried with glee:
"Our child does not resemble me—
Admit, at last, he looks like you,"
Cried Narcie to her Fortesque.

John Held Jr.

Summary of the Genoa Conference

The following is the only accurate review of the work of the economic and financial Conference at Genoa, convoked in accordance with the Cannes Agreement by the Supreme Council.

What the Conference Accomplished

- (1) An invitation to the United States to sit in council for the restoration of order in Europe.—R. S. V. P.
- (2) Reached an agreement that no agreement was possible.
- (3) Reached disagreements, with help of experts.
- (4) Issued invitation to U. S. to participate in disagreements.—R. S. V. P.
- (5) Ordered truce on troubled frontiers for four months from close of Hague Conference. Belief is expressed that there will be no frontiers, troubled or untroubled, by that time.
- (6) Recommended important improvements in financial condition of Russia.
- (7) Issued invitation to U. S. to participate in improving financial condition of Russia—in fact, to do all the improving.—R. S. V. P.
- (8) Russians agreed to sit in with capitalistic states on basis of one pound gold for one pound paper rubles. Picture of Lenine on rubles, no extra charge.

(9) A better understanding among all the statesmen of Europe of the fine Italian climate.

(10) Issued invitation to U. S. to participate in fine Italian climate.—No answer requested.

Where the Conference Failed

(1) In general settlement of objects of Conference: disarmament, non-aggression pact, peace treaties, and recognition of Russia by a "de jure" of her peers.

(2) In not inviting U. S. to participate in next world war.

Perils Avoided at the Conference

(1) First degree murder, arson, vandalism, bigamy, assault.

(2) Forgery, lynchings, sabotage, treason.

(3) Railroad wrecks, steeple-climbing, falling down air-shafts, etc.

W. D.



Mandy: I'se decided to leave mah husban'.
Hanna: How come? Is you beginnin' to economize?



Getting at the Seat of the Trouble



"Sonny"

IF His Exalted Majesty, Will H. Hays, wants to find an effective means of proving that the motion picture is an art—separate and distinct from the drama—he will revive the stage production of "Sonny," and present it in the same theatres where the movie of that name is being shown.

"Sonny," as a play, was just about the worst atrocity that had marred the fair surface of the stage in recent years. (Those who require official confirmation of this may consult the files of Mr. Benchley's dramatic reviews.) But "Sonny," as a film, assumes a dignity that is out of all proportion to its merits.

This is entirely due to the remarkable intelligence with which it has been directed by Henry King, and acted by Richard Barthelmess. They had a weak story to start with, and the blighting example of a bad failure on the stage—and yet they succeeded in endowing "Sonny" with much of the same vigor that characterized "Tol'able David," which lifted it well above the level of mediocrity.

THE story of "Sonny" is distinctly rubber-stamp stuff. A rich youth goes to the wars, leaving behind him a blind mother and a faithful dog. In France he meets his double, a boy who in civilian life had run a pool room. The two are caught in a shell hole, and both are wounded. The rich youth, realizing that he is about to die, persuades his friend to change identification discs with him, and go home in his place to the mother and the dog.

When the poor boy reaches his pal's palatial residence in Scarsdale, N. Y., the faithful dog growls at him. That last touch was not in the play. It would be impossible in any play. It is something that can be done only on the screen, and then

only by a director who knows that he must express himself in pictures rather than in words.

"One Clear Call"

EIGHT years ago, in "The Birth of a Nation," Henry B. Walthall played the heroic rôle of the Little Colonel, who led the white-hooded cohorts of the Ku Klux Klan o'er hill and dale, and arrived just in time to rescue Miss Lillian Gish from the caresses of an unprincipled Abyssinian. In this capacity, Mr. Walthall was cheered lustily in every habitable section of the globe.

But times have changed. Even though the cinema is admittedly still in its infancy, certain strides have been made—and Mr. Walthall's situation has been completely reversed. This year, in a picture entitled "One Clear Call," Mr. Walthall appears as a renegade who runs a notorious dive. His fellow citizens rise up against him and, oddly enough, call out the same Ku Klux Klan that he organized eight years ago, for the purpose of lynching him. The boomerang always comes back!

The Ku Klux Klan is better than it was in "The Birth of a Nation," which is only natural, when you consider how many rehearsals they have had since then. Mr. Walthall himself has improved considerably over his earlier form. But otherwise, "One Clear Call" displays little evidence of the fact that the silent drama has advanced since "The Birth of a Nation" was produced.

"Supply and Demand"

THE Tarkington "Edgar" comedies were so extremely good—and good in a highly individual way—that I have often wondered why they were not continued. Perhaps it was because they failed to make money, or some other equally unimportant reason.

But now a new series has come

along to take their place, with the same youthful star, Johnnie Jones, in the featured position. "Supply and Demand," a two-reel comedy, is the first of the series, and it is well up to the "Edgar" standard.

There are many people who object to child actors in the films—who believe that Jackie Coogan and the rest should be kept at home until they have had time to grow up into Rodolph Valentinos or Wallace Reids. This seems to me to be a foolish criticism, especially in view of the average mentality of the movie fans. Keep the morons out of the audience, is the slogan of this department, and let the really intelligent children on the screen take care of themselves.

"Yellow Men and Gold"

EVERYONE who is not afraid of a few honest thrills should make it a point to see "Yellow Men and Gold." It is far and away the best of the red-blooded melodramas produced this year, and it is not without its satirical aspect, either.

A young novelist encounters a man dying from a knife wound, who tells him that the chart is hidden underneath a spotted rock. Then follows an encounter with a desperate gang of cut-throats, a sea voyage in a Chinese ship to an island where buried treasure lurks, a death struggle on the brink of a lofty precipice, a wrestling match (catch-as-catch-can) at the bottom of the sea—and other diversions too humorous to mention.

Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick are the hero and heroine (I need hardly add, respectively), and they both flirt with the Grim Reaper in every reel. But they come through unscathed—have no fear of that. Virtue's batting average in its World Series with Vice is still one thousand per cent.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 32)



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Prayer of a Young Man Seeking Wisdom

If to the ardors of my youth
Be shown a facet of the truth,
Let me not use so little wit
To make myself high priest of it,
Believe it absolute, and blind
My sight to that which others find.
—L. A. G. Strong, in the Spectator.

The First Step

"I have just been elected Grand Imperial Potentate of my lodge."

"Congratulations, old man. That's fine."

"Well, it's a beginning anyhow. I hope to get one of the really important offices later on."—New York Sun.

MR. PROFITEER: Out of the million I made during the war, my poor dear, I have exactly a dollar and a half left.

MRS. PROFITEER: Let that be a lesson to you for the next time.

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).



AN IMPOSSIBLE PERSON

"Lady, to gain your esteem I am ready to attempt the impossible!"

"The impossible? All right. Try to become young, handsome, intelligent, distinguished . . ."

—Le Rire (Paris).

Fancy Work

Two old settlers sat smoking in a cabin far away in the backwoods. No feminine presence ever graced that settlement, and domestic arrangements were primitive and rude.

The conversation drifted from politics to cooking, and one of the confirmed bachelors said: "I got one o' them there cookery books once, but I never could do nothin' with it."

"Too much fancy work about it?" asked the other.

"You've 'it it. Every one o' them recipes begun in the same way, 'Take a clean dish—,' and that settled me at once."—Tit-Bits (London).

Things to Remember

HUSBAND: Oh, don't remind me of that escapade. I thought you had forgiven and—forgotten.

WIFE: Yes, but I don't want you to forget that I'd forgiven and—forgotten.

—London Mail.

"What do you do when you don't wear an overcoat?"

"Pad my other hip."—Brown Jug.

No man is a hero to his bootlegger.

—New York Tribune.

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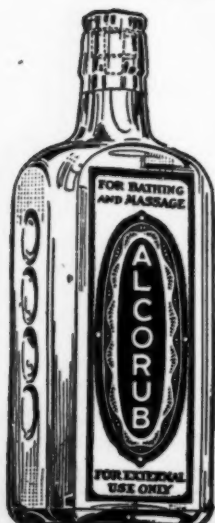
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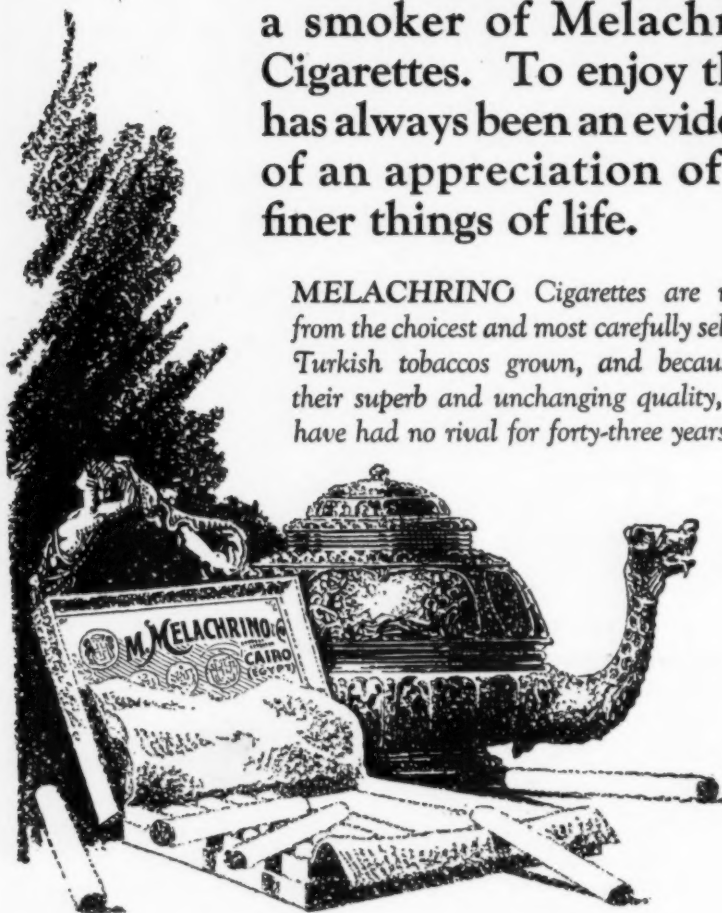


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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Carte Blanche

DOCTOR: I would advise you, madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns.

HUSBAND (an hour later): What did the doctor say?

WIFE: He said I ought to go to a watering-place, and afterwards to the country. Also, I must get some new light gowns at once.

—Tit-Bits (London).

The Desire for Change

FATHER: I don't know what is the matter with that child. He won't stay in the same place any length of time.

MOTHER: He probably got it from his nurses.

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

A Retort in Kind

Two venerable theologians were very friendly despite their differences in faith. One, the Episcopal rector, was about seventy years old, and the minister of the Presbyterian church was slightly younger.

The rector, who was a good deal of a High-Churchman, always liked to be addressed as "Father." Having become used to this title through years of conversation with his old friend, the Presbyterian minister used it several times in addressing a new rector who in course of time succeeded the "father." But the young rector did not like this. More than once he asked the Presbyterian minister to omit the title, but in vain.

"See here, Doctor Smith," said the irate rector, one day, "for some time I have been asking you to stop calling me 'father.' If you do it again I shall call you 'mother,' and if, after that, you do it again I shall call you 'grandmother.'"

—Harper's.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASI

The New Word

"Propaganda is a new word that has lately been mastered by eleven-year-old Mary Ellen Sparks," says the Tanners Creek Times. "She manages to use it once or twice every day. Last night after supper Mary Ellen was starting for the picture show when her mother said she must stay at home and wash the dishes. Mary said to herself in a scornful undertone: 'All this talk about America being a free country is nothing but propaganda.'"

—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

TOURIST: Why, Donald, you surprise me. You don't like the English people and yet you have an English wife.

DONALD (with a sigh): Ay, mon, that accounts for it.

—Boston Transcript.

Krementz



Vocation Days

With the gathering of society at the famous resorts, merchants immediately have a demand for Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry.

Identified by the name "Krementz" on the back of each piece.

Gold Buttons 25c—\$1.50; links \$3.00—\$7.00
Full Dress Sets, \$7.50 to \$17.50

Literature upon request.

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1047 K

Spool Links



963 K

\$2.50 the pair

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LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-five years. In that time it has expended \$205,652.78 and has given a fortnight in the country to 42,722 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$ 978.17
Mrs. D. C. Dickinson, Liberty, N. Y.	1.67
To the memory of my mother and father	5.00
In memory of Gerald, New York	100.00
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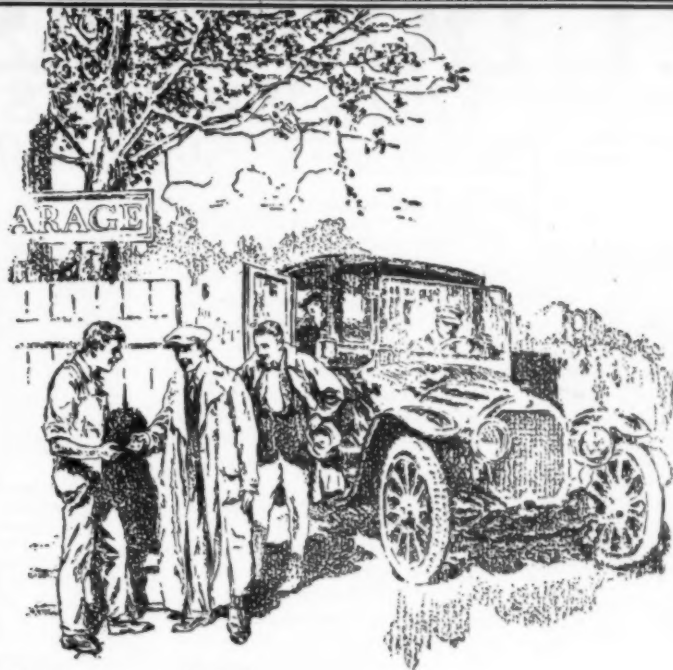
(Continued on page 30)



TRIUMPHAL RETURN

"Where have you come from, vandal? You have been away since the carnival." "Don't get excited, dearie, I was disguised as a wandering breeze."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).



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They are made of the best and finest leathers, by skilled shoemakers, all working to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The quality is unsurpassed. Only by examining them can you appreciate their wonderful value. Shoes of equal quality cannot be bought elsewhere at anywhere near our prices.

Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



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LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 29)

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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25 CENTS

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Hot water
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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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A BALL of yarn is a joy forever.

Our remedies oft in our claws do lie.

O what can compare with a good stretch!

There is no place like the hearth.

Treachery, thy name is boy!

Eternal vigilance is the price of milk.

Sweet are the uses of cream.

Love me, admire my fur.

In time of war, arch your back.

One caught mouse deserves another.

You can fool all the dogs all the time.

When in doubt, jump the fence.

It's never too late to cross in front of an automobile.

Always keep your kittens in one basket.

Kittens should be licked, not purred at.

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1922

JUNE

1922

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					2	③
4	5				9	⑩
11	12				16	⑪
18	19				23	⑫
25	26				30	

No More Saturday Rest Ups!

You want to shave every day with Williams!

Many men have the sort of skin that must be humored a bit, that every now and then, Saturdays, most likely, says, "Oh, let me alone!"

But the face that gets a daily lathering with Williams' never says this.

For the Williams' lather is lather for the skin as well as for the beard. It is lather that meets and overcomes that difficult and all too fre-

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Williams' Holder Top Stick is one form of Williams' Shaving Soaps that furnishes this perfect lather. The original Holder Top—the stick in "the holder that holds."

Re-Loads save you money. Get one and keep the original box.

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS' COMPANY
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Send me a trial length Holder Top Stick in a large re-loadable box. 10 cents enclosed.

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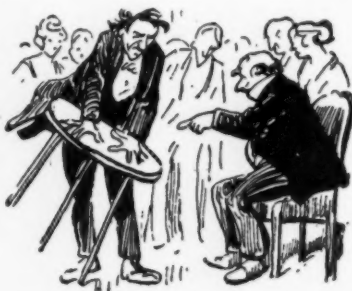
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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



The Medium: With what great shade do you wish to speak?

"With Sir Isaac Newton. I want to hear his opinion of Herr Einstein."

—L'Illustration (Paris).

Does your skin
itch and burn?
Stop it with Resinol
There's relief in the
first application

Try it
RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

Good Clean Sport

(Continued from page 3)

on the next clear day, somebody asks Murgatroyd to play golf, and as he so well says, he doesn't often get a chance to play golf, while he can play tennis any time. That, really, is the way I feel about it when anyone suggests going to tea, or playing just a dash of half-a-cent bridge. After all, we might as well be sensible about it.

Then comes the day when Murgatroyd falls over the racquets while groping his way about the closet, and takes it personally. After one word has led to another, we arrive in a dead heat at the idea of putting them in the trunk again. As Murgatroyd says, we can always get them out when we need them.

Next year, though, we are going to play tennis every afternoon. It is the only way you ever get anywhere. D. P.

Could Put Up With Himself

"I don't see where we can put that lecturer up for the night."

"Don't worry. He always brings his own bunk."

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

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Silver Wings. Fox.—Another mother-love story, no better than the average and not very much worse.

Sherlock Holmes. United Artists.—John Barrymore in a splendid production of Conan Doyle's famous stories.

Missing Husbands. Metro.—A weird melodrama about a mysterious queen who lures young French officers to her domain and then treats them rough.

Beyond the Rocks. Paramount.—The producers of this film make no secret of the fact that Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino are the stars, and that Elinor Glyn wrote it.

The Crossroads of New York. Sennett.—A rapid-fire melodrama which doesn't make much sense, and doesn't have to.

For Review Next Week.—"Retribution," "Over the Border," "The Woman Who Walked Alone," "Golden Dreams," "The Stroke of Midnight," and "Domestic Relations." R. E. S.

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